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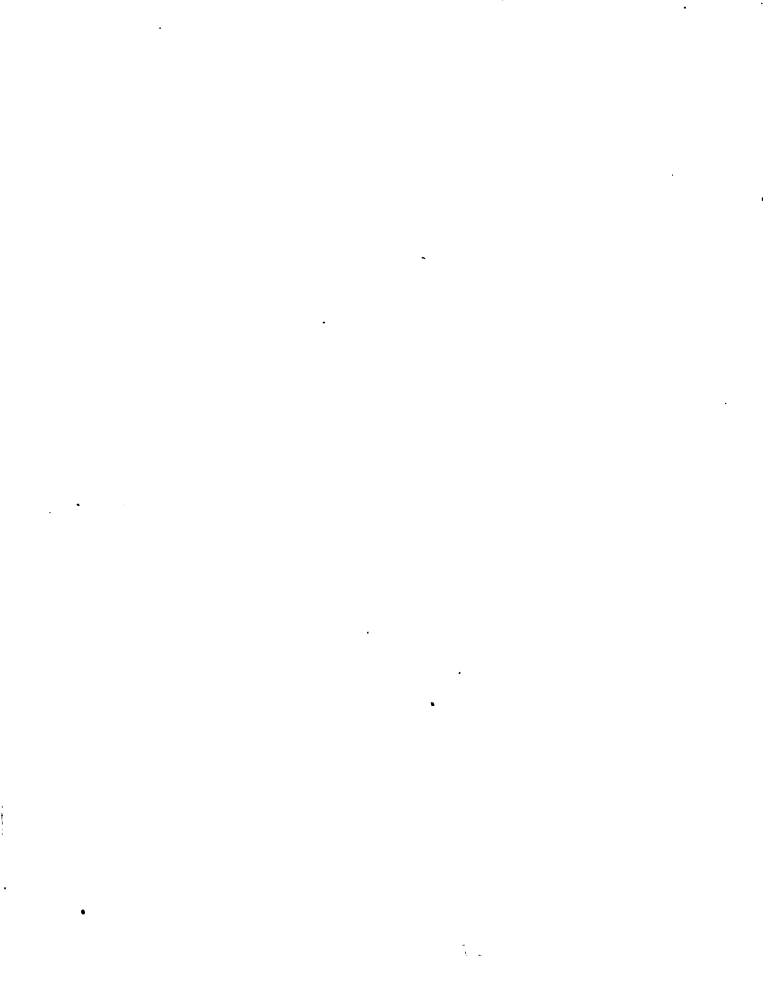
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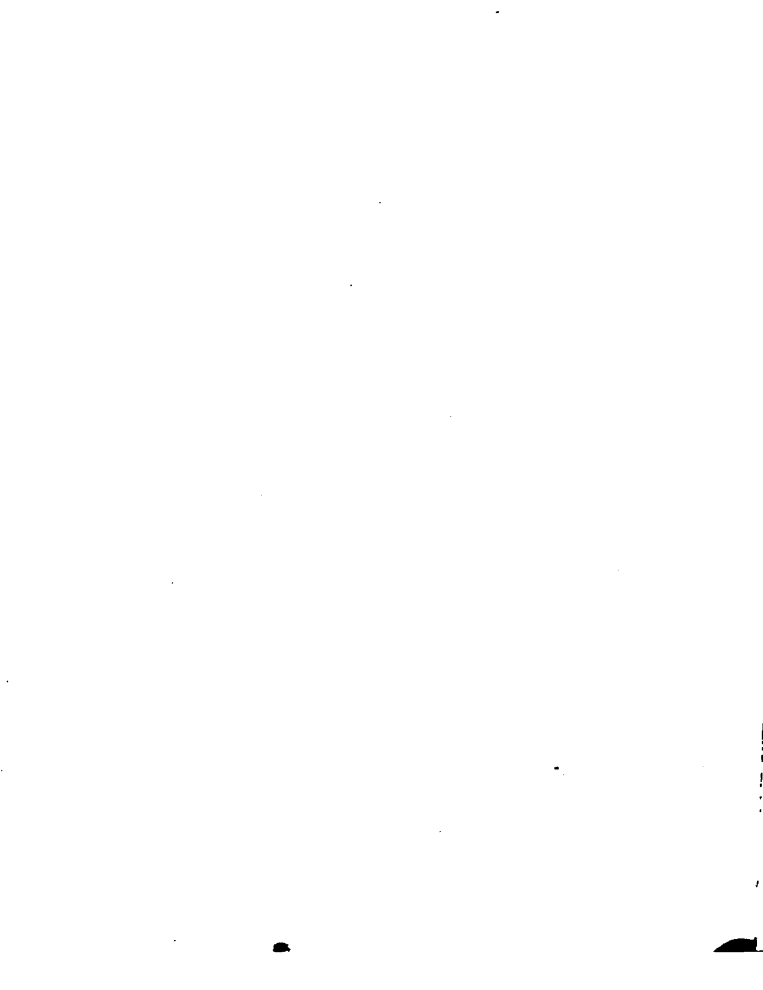


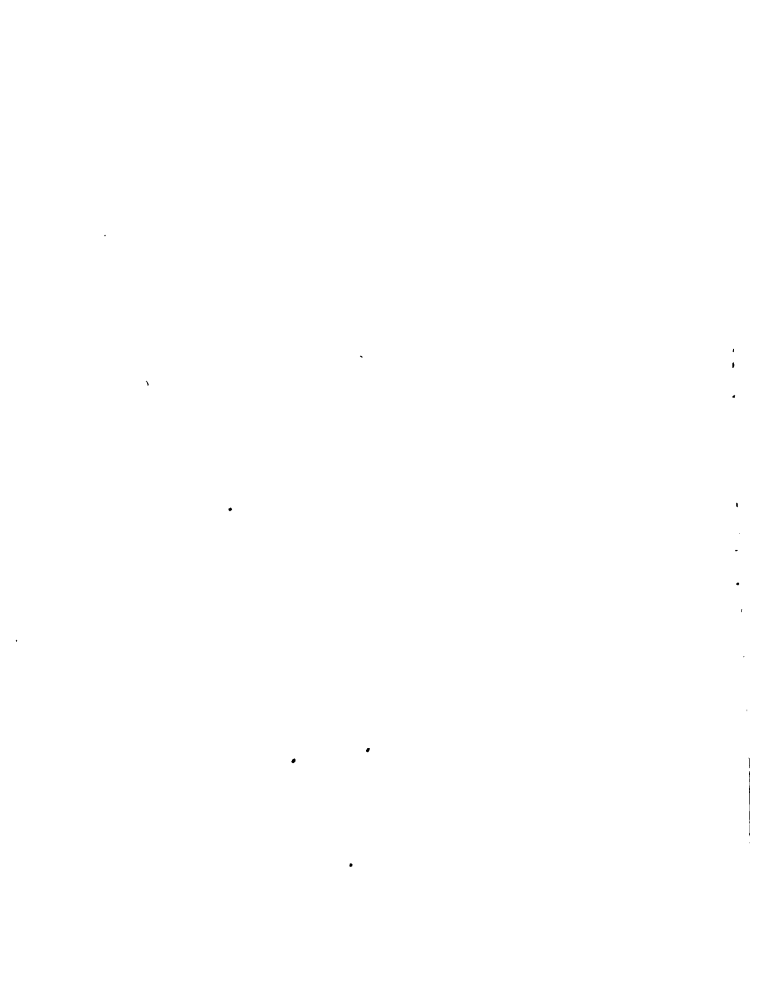
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ubble
Life









Dedication

I've courted thee for many an hour,
And longed to see thy face;
I've tried to find the enchanting power
Of thine exquisite grace.

So when the problem has come to me,
A sponsor fair to choose;
I dedicate the result to thee,
Thou coy poetic muse!



Bubble Life
AND OTHER POEMS



BY

JOSEPH EDWARD GUTHRIE

WITH ELEVEN DRAWINGS BY

ROE GIDDINGS CHASE



University of Minnesota

1899

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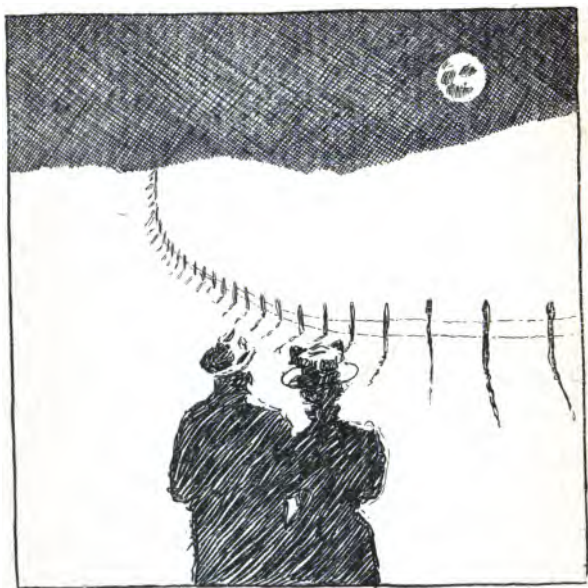


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A Peach

Cheek that is round, and pink, and fair,
Every curve is a beauty line,
Bloom of thy youth still resting there,
Breath with fragrance fine.

Luscious and rich, and sweet thou art,
Lovely and good, yet I sadly own,
Though thou art dear, I find thy heart,
Bitter, and hard as stone.



The Man in the Moon

O, moon-man, open your mou'
An' tell me what I want to know.

Hoo cam ye there?
Whaur were ye born, the stars amang?
Whaur did ye live when ye were young?
An' hoo d'ye ken a way to gang
To place so fair?

If a' the truth were tell't, I ween,
Lang syne upon our earth were seen
Sic fouk as you;
But when our people cam aboot,
Ye juist tuik heels an' skippit oot,
An' ilk ane scud like only lout,
Which now ye rue.

While you alane steer't for the moon,
Your brithers made tracks for the sun,
For fear they'd freeze;
But noo they find it muckle hot,
Like some puir lobster i' the pot,
While you a bonnie larder got,
O gude green cheese.

It's strange to see your cheerfu' face,
(An' you the last ane o' your race)
Sae blithe and mild;
But when from eve to mornin' gray
Ye leuk what lads and lassies dae,
Baith whiles they're sad, an' whiles they're
gay,
Ye weel maun smile.

Ye keek the wedding, an' the deith,
Ye ken the joy an' sorrow baith,
Wi' your bricht een.
The bonniest luv-scene on the brae,
The blackest crime the deils may dae,
Ilk thing they by their actions say,
By you is seen.

Ane nicht, ye ken, ye saw me oot,
Me an' the lassie strolled about
Till after nine;
But noo she's wi' anither lad,
Wha gies her joy an' makes me mad,
An' is mair pleasin' tae her dad,
Wi's siller-shine.

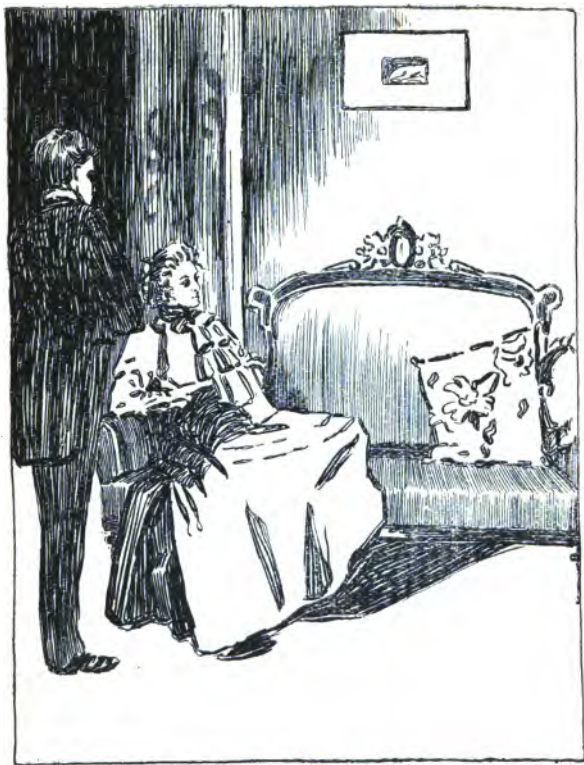
Ance, whiles I was a wee bit lad,
I saw you in the moon, an' said,
 "Noo don't fa' down."
Ye seem't to brace your fut, an' say:
"I hae gane fu' mony a mile this way,
An' yet hae never slip't a tae
 In a' my roun."

An' I maun speir ye whaur ye fare,
When the mune's face is dark up there
 Ance in a while;
Is't then ye keek and peer aboot,
When nae ane thinks ye're looking oot,
An' see sic gruesome sights, nae doot
 Ye canna smile?

Gin e'er ye chance tae traivel doon,
Tae worlds aneath, frae worlds aboon,
 On earth tae fall,
Remember, ye hae mony friens,
T'is ane o' them this message sends
An' then afore your journey ends
 Gie's a' a call.

"OUI"

I popped the question to Marie,
Like any other beau,
She blushed, and smiled, and answered 'Oui,'
For she is French, you know.
"My dear," I asked her, bending low,
"Whom do you mean by we?"
(I feared my cake was turned to dough)
"O, U and I," said she.



My Star

Oft the night is chill,
The sky o'ercast—
Nature cold and still,
The daylight past;
Yet peering far
Into the gloom
Of Nature's tomb,
I see a star.

Star of Hope, Arise!
Illumine my breast;
Soothe my weary eyes
Sweetly to rest.
Shine through the night,
And in my dream,
I still shall seem
To see thy light.

Star of Hope, direct
Thy beams on me.
Let my life reflect
Their purity,
Till morning gray
Shall dawn afar,
The harbinger
Of brighter day.

The Bear-Hunt.

A winter night is settling o'er the little prairie town,
Behind the far Dakota hills the sun is sinking down,
The silent moon is rising, so stately and so slow,
Reflecting myriad diamonds on the snowy fields
below.

The Angelus is chiming forth its pleasant notes
abroad

And they mingle with the tinkle of the sleigh bells
on the road.

'Tis winter on the prairie, and along the village
street

Can be heard the frosty squeaking of the snow be-
neath the feet

Of the loafers as they hurry to the little village store,
To their evening task of holding dry-goods boxes
to the floor.

And around the stove they gather, laughing at the
latest joke,

Swapping stories full as shady as their own tobacco
smoke.

The air is cold and frosty and from out the snowy
night

Comes the noisy clang of sleigh bells; by the moon
beams' misty light

Now a plunging team of horses in the distance you
may see,

And the driver is a "Jehu," for "he driveth furiously,"
On his face is ashy pallor, there is terror in his eye,
And he often glances backward, as the horses on-
ward fly,

As in fear of a pursuer, and his hair stands all on end,

While the rocks and sods and corn shocks added
terror to him lend.

Now he pulls his foaming horses up before the vil-
lage store,

And the sharp, unusual clatter brings the loafers to
the door,

"Who the—why, hello thar, Riley! Gorry, how
them horses smoke!

What in tunket ails ye, ol' man? Hed a hold-up?
Seen a spook?"

"Wuss nor that, I's comin' long thar north o' Jerry
Hoben's claim,

Billy, thar, began a shyin' then the sorrel did the
same,

When I looked to see what scairt 'em, out fornist
that little slough

Was a big, black b'ar a-comin', headin' for me; jest
as true

As yer livin'. I took pikeins for the village, an' you
bet

As I wasn't long about it, Lordy, how my ponies
sweat!

Guide ye back thar? Not for money! I haint goin'
back tonight,

Till somebody's kilt the critter, I'm for keepin' out
of sight,

'Taint no use to try to dog 'im, common dogs won't
tech a b'ar.

Best be lookin' to your rifles. 'fore the varmint gits
too far."

So they run for amunition, never stopping to inquire
What the ursine visit meaneth; what un-bruin-like
desire

Leads his bear-ship from the forest o'er the hundred
miles of snow
To the bleak and lonely prairies, when he certainly
must know
Every bruin of discretion should be sleeping in his
den,
Snugly cuddled for the winter in a sheltered forest
glen.
All they know or care to know is: "Paddy Riley's
seen a b'ar,
Must a-seen it cos it scairt 'im, couldn't scairt 'im if
'twan't thar."
(This convincing bit of logic from the lips of grocer
Flynn.)
So a dozen of the boldest sally forth to bring him in.
Some are thinking of the bear skin, "what a robe
that thing will make."
Others planning from the haunches for a most de-
licious steak,
Or perhaps a furry rug to lay upon the parlor floor,
Says the grocer: "Get 'im stuffed and we can put 'im
in the store
So's to show the folks around here that we re'ly kilt
a b'ar,
That'll give the town the custom of the farmers near
and far.
Better just let me and Maher use the rifles on 'im
first,
An' you fellers with the shot-guns, hold your goose-
shot for the worst.
When we get 'im at close quarters, then ye aim right
for his eyes.
There's the place where Riley saw 'im, out beyond
that little rise,



Nigh the slough thar, in the pasture where the cattle
ust to run.

What's that black thing over yonder? It's the b'ar
as sure's a gun!

Quiet now, a little nearer, 'fore the brute begins to
scare.

Hi! He's movin'!" Bang! The rifles with their echo
rend the air.

"Now you fellers with the shot-guns want to get a
little nigher—

Shoot!" Each gun is brought to shoulder, every
muzzle belches fire.

Jerry Hoben's old black wether falls a buck-shot
riddled heap,

And the much disgusted Nimrods find the Bruin is a
sheep.

"An' bedad, that's what I towld yez. Sure it wadn't
be a bear,

Jerry's shapes is always sthrayin', faith he gives
them sorra care.

Troth we'll be to kape it quiet, byes, remember,
mum's the word,

Hae't a sowl in town shall know it!"—But Ariel
overhead.



Life's Littles

Only a little kindly deed,

A look, perchance, or a friendly word,
It cheered my heart in an hour of need,
And the Father of love
Smiled from above
And the angels overheard.

Only a little kindly act,

The cordial grasp of a friendly hand;
It seemed to give what my soul had lacked,
Encouraged me
With a sympathy
Which the heart can understand.

Only a little timely aid

To a weary brother freely given,
A helping word in kindness said,
It cheers the mind
With its accent kind,
And lightens the way to Heaven.

Only a sympathizing tear,
A soothing voice when my heart was lone;
It made me feel that a friend was near.

For every sob
Had an answering throb,
Each word had a tender tone.

O, what a world of little things
That mean so much, and that seem so
small,
Each makes glad with the joy it brings.
For this is the thought
Which the Savior taught
In the brotherhood of all.



Joy Superlative

Proud is the girl of her Easter hat,
The boy of his Sunday clothes;
Happy the urchin with ball and bat,
The babe with her wee pink toes.
But all these things as foolish seem,
As fleeting shades of a childish dream,
To him who wears, in a hair-line dim,
Soft and downy beneath his nose,
Conscious the world is watching him,.
A coming pair of mustachios.



How We Got the Picture

Clipped from Manannay Times-Herald, March
3, 1918.

"O Untle, tell me a towy," said she
As she hopefully climbed upon my knee,
"All 'bout 'e pitschers in dis book,"
And her face took on an expectant look.
Slowly I turned each ancient page
Damp, and musty, and yellow with age
Till I came at last to a photo-plate
In the Bachelors' Ariel, '98.
"O Untle Fwank, p'ease tell me all
'Bout 'e womans payin' 'e bastet ball."
'Twas twenty years ago, my dear,
In the spring of my senior college year,
A bachelor then as you see me yet
As Bachelors' Ariel board, we met.
Each fellow there was a jolly lad
And ready for anything not too bad.
'Twas an anxious moment for college men,
For the ladies were at their zenith then.
Their Woman's Ariel earned success,
And we were anxious, I must confess,

To beat it, and this we could only do
By some idea entirely new.
Plan after plan was laid aside,
For we wanted one as yet untried
Till some one said, "I have a plan,
If it can be worked, and I think it can,
Take kodaks over to Arm'ry Hall
And snapshot the girls at basket ball!"
We hailed the idea with joy, and now
Began discussing the when and how.
By ruling stern of the faculty
This sight was not for the boys to see,
So utmost caution must be employed,
Or all our schemes would be null and void.
It was hard to catch them off their guard,
For the room they used was locked and barred.
Our problem, in fine, may be stated thus—
We must see the girls, they must not see us.
"A view from the windows would be a
peach!"
But the windows were high beyond our
reach.

"The gallery, then, or the gallery stair!"
But we found no place for concealment there.
"Pry down the big door just a little way!"
But we would be easier seen than they.
"Hire one of the girls to do the task!"
But we knew no one whom we dared to ask.
To every plan for our daring feat
Objections arose which we could not meet.
There seemed no access to the place;
Defeat was staring us in the face,
When some one said, "I wish I knew
If a fellow could crawl up through the flue."
'Twas risky, yet, as we all agreed,
We must take the risk, if we would succeed.
Now, the flue was narrow, and only one
Could risk his neck and see the fun;
So lots were drawn in a solemn way,
And I drew the longest straw that day.
Dark was the flue and long and hot,
But I came at last to the vantage spot.
Through the register came a beam of light,
For the flue was dark as a Stygian night.
With kodak ready I sat and sweat



And watched for the girls who came not yet.
The time was near to begin the game.
When a slight, half-feminine rustle came,
As of almost skirts, then a ringing laugh,
With a hop-skip-jump like a yearling calf
They bounded in. Each buxom lass
Was clad in garments that scarce would pass
For a street costume, yet, all in all,
They were not uncomely as I recall.
When the game began, each maiden there,
Careless of clothes or of tangled hair,
Rushed for the ball. A sight sublime!
I sprung my flashlight just in time.
The girls were startled. With faces white
They asked: "O what was that brilliant
light?"

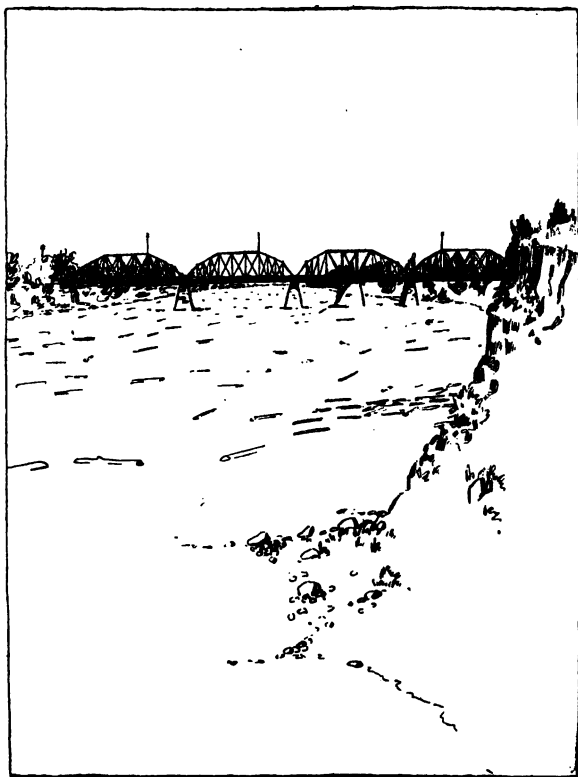
The captain approached with cautious tread.
"The chimney is burning out," she said;
Then closed the register. Dark as night,
I clambered backward as best I might
To the hot air shaft where the boys in force,
Packed like Greeks in a wooden horse,
Hailed my return with a joyful shout,
As I told them how the affair turned out.
There's little more to be told, my dear,
And your eyes are drowsy, too, I fear.
Give uncle a good-night kiss, that's right;
Now, off to bed, good night, good night.

Bubble Life

I'm sitting where the waters flow,
The rushing river deep and wide,
I watch the bubbles come and go
On Mississippi's heaving tide.
Some speed along their silent way
Without a swerve to left or right,
As though for nothing may they stay
Their self-reliant, onward flight.

I watch as other bubbles come
And swirl about in eddies gay,
They dally, careless, 'mid the foam,
Or in eccentric orbits play.
A purposeless, yet bright career,
A path that wanders aimlessly,
A little while they linger here,
Then lift their anchor and away.

And now a bubble sailing light
With smaller bubblets hov'ring round.
It soon engulfs each parasite
And swells to greatness at a bound.
But thinner grows the filmy shell,
Such speedy growth much ending have;
The zephyrs burst its fragile bell,
And scarce a ripple marks the grave.



I see two bubbles gliding on,
They draw the closer as they go,
Then suddenly unite in one,
A perfect form together grow;
But at the driving of the storm
It strikes the rushes waving blade,
And from the mangled parent form
A thousand bubbles small are made.

As yet I gaze and ponder still,
A fleet of bubbles sails along;
Some moving stately at their will,
But many drifting with the throng.
And as the current bears them on,
I seem to see in each one there
Some person whom I once have known.
Some phase of human character.

Behold the comedy of life!
The birth, the wedding and the death,
A little while, the billow's strife—
Ephemeral, the fleeting breath.
Awhile we journey toward the goal,
Then lose ourselves and merge in thee
Whose waves beyond the river roll,
O Ocean of Eternity!

Ode to Hash

O, all includin' kind o' food!
Some while ye're bad, and while ye're good,
We hae you potted, fried or stewed,
Or roast or bake,
Yet spier nae questions (that were rude),
For conscience' sake.

In what your composition lies,
Tho' ilka man wha eats you tries,
A chemist couldna analyze,
He could but guess.
Nae ane can pierce the deep disguise
O' sic a mess.

We meet ye aft in boardin' club,
An' gie the cook fu' mony a rub,
Tae tell us a' that's i' the grub.
She winna dae't,
For weel she kens she'd lose her job,
Gin she should say't.

Some veal, potatoes, onions too,
Left-overs frae the dinner stew,
Cook chops them up, and says "ye'll do
 For supper treat."
Wee bits frae a' the day's menu
 Thegither meet.

Ye hauld high carnival inside
The wame o' him by whom ye're tried,
He swears he rather would have died
 Ere he were born,
Than thole the gripe within his hide,
 Frae nicht tae morn.

Sax days richt weel ye haud your groun',
But when the Sunday comes aroun'
Cook makes a crust an' bakes you brown,
 Pits raisins in you,
An' has the name "mince pie" writ down
 Upon the menu.

Amang the rich extends your fame,
Altho' ye're ca'd anither name,
They'll no eat "hash" for very shame,
But dub you "salad."
I'll gie awa their triflin' game,
In this wee ballad.

They e'en use vegetables raw,
Wi' cackle-berries sliced up sma',
A' garnished roun, wi' leaves an' straw,
Tae make it green,
That whiles the taste delightes the maw,
It cheers the een.

But for a' that, ye haud a place
I' the esteem o' human race;
The churl must hae but sorry grace,
Wha this denies.
In usin' scraps, an' takin' space,
Your value lies.

My Sweetheart

She is my little sweetheart,

My little sun-kissed maid.

Born when the rays of the summer sun,

Gilded her ringlets, every one,

The loveliest golden shade.

She is my little sweetheart,

And, from the summer skies,

God has given two tiny spots,

To serve as heaven's forget-me-nots,

In the blue of the maiden's eyes.



She is my little sweetheart,
A perfect dream of grace.
Soul that is pure, and good, and true,
Glad as the morning, shining through
The smile of her sunny face.

She is my little sweetheart,
I love each silken curl.
What tho' her summers are only three,
Bright is her face as she welcomes me,
She's my little summer girl.

Dedication to Bachelors' Ariel, 1899

To her wha wi' the winter's frost
Her spring-time freshness hasna lost,
Nae wark can fley, nor toil exhaust
 I' day or night,
For duty never coonts the cost
 Gin 'tis but right.

Wha can her youthfu' vigor bear
Wi' wisdom o' a riper year,
An' speak her min' wi' sic a clear
 Emphatic soun',
She's weel respeckit everywhere—
 The country roun'.

What gars the lass tak off her bonnet
An' frowns if there's a burdie on it,
But yet her heart's as true as granite
 An' kind as true,
An' if nae mon has ever won it,
 It's yet to do.

Wha disna crimp an' bang her hair,
Nor triflin' gewgaws disna wear,
For nature plainest is maist fair,
 An' weel she know't,
An' what the warl' thinks, disna care,
 For that's her boast.

We dinna gie this as a bribe,
We canna thus betray oor tribe,
Nor is't intended as a gibe,
 When we confess
This Ariel fondly we inscribe
 To M. L. S.

The Chieftain's Grave

Far up from the flowing river,
Atop of the rugged bluff,
Where high above you the eagles sail,
And the crooked turns of the cattle trail
Wind upward, long and rough;

You come to the grave of a chieftain,
To a little grassy mound.
They buried him here, their warrior dead;
Buried his form, but his spirit fled
To the happy hunting ground.

Below is the white man's village
Where the Indian wigwams were.
Alas for the blood of the braves they killed,
For the broken faith, and the graves they
filled
Ere the paleface settled there.

You look at the fertile valley
And down at the river wide,
You picture the scene at the water's brink
When the bear and the buffalo came to
drink
While the red man watched beside.

The bridge that o'er-spans the river,
The steamers and rafts, forget;
And think of the birchen canoe that bore
The dusky hunter from shore to shore.
Methinks I can see him yet.

I see him go to the forest
When the morning still is gray,
I see him return on the red-deer track,
His antlered quarry across his back,
At close of the weary day.



And oft in the silent ev'ning,
Like a swiftly falling star,
I see his torch in the frail canoe—
Swift propelled by the paddlers two
To the distant fishing bar.

And now in the tangled forest
I can see the chieftain go,
With his swarthy band in the gath'ring
gloom,
Decked with paint and the eagle's plume,
To fight with the ancient foe.

And loudly the war-whoop sounded,
And thickly the arrows flew,
And a hundred men of the Chippeway
Were sent to their death ere the close of day
By the arrows of the Sioux.

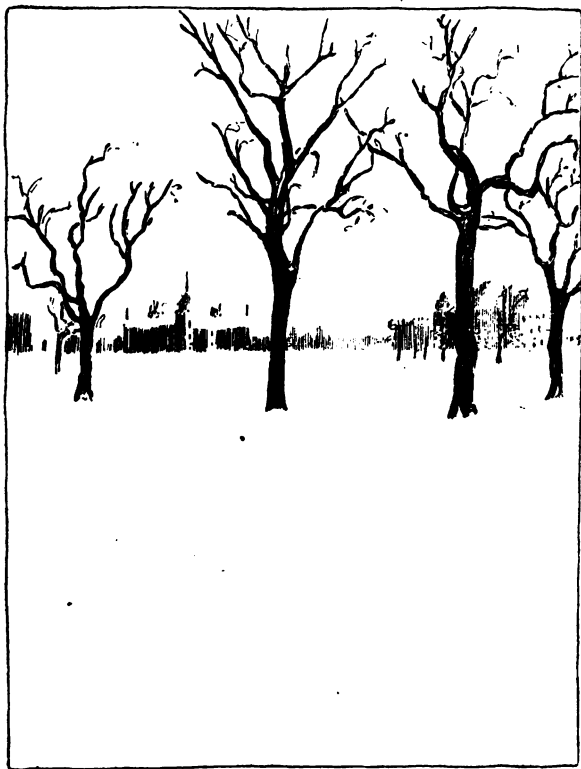
But dearly the day was purchased,
And costly the victory.
They found him stretched on the bloody
loam,
And they carried the dying chieftain home
To die in his own tepee.

Far up from the flowing river
They carried the fallen brave.
The village mourned for its chief that day,
But a hundred scalps of the Chippeway
Were scattered upon his grave.

And this is the grave of the chieftain—
Just a little grassy mound.
They buried him here, their warrior dead,
Buried his form, but his spirit fled
To the happy hunting ground.

Old Boreas on the Campus

Old Boreas with icy breath
About the campus hovers;
He comes to mourn the Summer's death,
And all the ground which once was green
Where Summer's pleasant haunts have
been
With fleecy shroud he covers.
And as the snow-flakes fall and merge,
He chants a shrill, aeolian dirge,
The Summer's requiem.



"O! for the days when the Summer sun
shineth!

O! for the bird-songs that thrill on the air!
Earth for her warm, genial influence pineth,
Dying the flowers for her fostering care.

Crushed is my heart, I am friendless, for-
saken,

Sadly I watch as she fades from my sight;
Sweet be her rest till the Spring shall awaken,
Snow be her winding sheet, spotless and
white."

Doom Song

Tune: "Upidee."

O, watch the Gophers hold them down,
Upidee! Upida!

Maroon and Gold shall own the town,
Upidee-i-da!

The Ski-U-Mahs will never yield,
We hail them victors of the field,
R-r-r-Rah! Rah! Ski-U-Mah!
Ski-U-Mah! Football games!
Varsity! Varsity! Minn-sota!
Poor old Ames.

Our linemen rip them up the backs,
Upidee! Upida!
Our endmen down them in their tracks,
Upidee-i-da!

And from the bleachers all along
The field re-echoes with the song—
R-r-r-Rah! Rah! Ski-U-Mah!
Ski-U-Mah! Football games!
Varsity! Varsity! Minn-sota!
Poor old Ames.



To Thought

O, what a wondrous thing thou art!
Thy speed outstrips the lightning's dart,
The fairy fay soars not so high
As thy untrammeled pinions fly.
Thou hast the bed of ocean found
In depths sea monsters never sound,
And thou behold'st the mountain's birth
From out the bowels of the earth.
To thee the world's a little place,
Thy feet explore the stellar space.
The ages are to thee an hour,
All nature trembles at thy power
Which chains together human mind,
And linketh it with the divine.

